

POPULAR MUSIC & CHILDREN'S SONGS

SONG LYRICS

Titles in alphabetical order

LY-PO1

ALADDIN'S CAVE

Mus: Lizzie MOORE & Jo FLETCHER

Lyr: Lizzie MOORE ([UK & US – A to F](#))

- I. When the starlings gather at dusk
On St. James's Park
That's how I remember us together
Waiting for the beating of their wings
In the growing dark
The memory that picture brings another treasure.

CHORUS:

For my Aladdin's Cave
For my broken heart
For my Aladdin's Cave
For my broken heart

- II. Crystallize my memories into jewels buried treasure
The measure of my time with you is never over.

CHORUS

(Instrumental bridge)

CHORUS

- III. Open up the heavy gilded door
Draw the curtains back
Strike a match and light your torch
Feast your eyes on the reflected light
From the jewels you see
Each one is a memory, another treasure.

CHORUS (2X)

LY-PO2

ALI BABA

Comp: Gérard TEMPESTI ([France](#))

Rts: (BMI), 1984

Dans un coin de Sacy, j'ai rencontré
Devinez qui, Ali Baba

On a corner in Sacy, I met
Quess who, Ali Baba

Je suis très fatigué
Par les filles de là-bas, Ali Baba
Dans ma grotte magique
Il n'y a plus de voleurs, Ali Baba
Mais quarante fatmas prêtes
A vous donner du bonheur, Ali Baba
Sur l'heure, je suis parti
Au pays du sexe faible
Et depuis devant la grotte
Je chante à haute voix:

REFRAIN:

Césame, Césame, Césame, ouvre-toi!
Je suis le meilleur ami d'Ali Baba
Césame, Césame, Césame, ouvre-toi!
Je sais que les quarante voleurs ne sont plus là
Césame, Césame, Césame, ouvre-toi!

Ali m'a dit que la grotte était bourrée de nanas
Qui dansent la Biguine, le Reggae, la Salsa
Par pitié, Sésame, ouvre-toi!
La grotte s'est ouverte
Je leur ai tendu les bras, Ali Baba
Une horde sauvage s'est précipitée
Sur moi, Ali Baba
Et depuis, jour et nuit, elles sont pendues
À son cou, Ali Baba
Oui son cœur va lâcher, il va finir
A genoux, Ali Baba

Je voudrais m'évader du pays
Du sexe faible
Je n'ai plus qu'une envie
C'est de rentrer chez moi

REFRAIN:

Césame, Césame, Césame, ferme-toi!
Je suis le meilleur ami d'Ali Baba
Césame, Césame, Césame, ferme-toi!
Il est K.O. debout son cœur ne tiendra pas
Césame, Césame, Césame, ferme-toi!
J'ai perdu dix kilos à cause des fatmas
Jouer les sex-symbols, moi, j'en ai ras-le-bol...

I'm very tired
Due to the girls down there, Ali Baba
In my magic cave
There are no more theives, Ali Baba
But forty women are ready
To give you happiness, Ali Baba
On the hour, I left
For the countries of the weaker sex
And ever since in front of the cave
I sing out loud –

CHORUS :

Sesame, Sesame, Sesame, open !
I am the best friend of Ali Baba
Sesame, Sesame, Sesame, open !
I know the forty thieves are no longer there
Sesame, Sesame, Sesame, open !

Ali told me that the cave was filled with chicks
That dance the beguine, reggae, and salsa
Have mercy, Sesame, open up !
The cave is open
I stretch out my arms to them, Ali Baba
A wild bunch threw themselves
At me, Ali Baba
And ever since, night & day, they are hanging
At his neck, Ali Baba
Yes, his heart is giving up, he's going to end
On his knees, Ali Baba.

I want to escape from the country
Of the feeble sex
I no longer have but one desire
That's to return back home.

CHORUS:

Sesame, Sesame, Sesame, close !
I am the best friend of Ali Baba
Sesame, Sesame, Sesame, close !
He's knocked out standing, his heart won't hold up
Sesame, Sesame, Sesame, close !
I lost twenty two pounds because of women
Playing the sex symbol, me, I'm fed up.

LY-PO3

THE BALLAD OF SILVER SPRINGS *

Comp: Will McLEAN (UK & US – A to F)

Rts: Pamco Music Inc. (BMI), 1963

- I. I'll tell a sad legend, your heart it will ring;
I'll sing you the ballad of Silver Springs;
I'll tell of Miss Mayo an' where she does sleep
In the bridal chamber, way down in the deep.
- II. Her true love had gone from this enchanted land
To study an' practice the just laws of man;
No word from her darlin' for over a year;
Her heart it was broken, she wasted in tears.
- III. She went to Ancilla in the late afternoon;
Her death bell was knellin', the call would be soon.
Ancilla, I pledge you, for this do I crave;

Please, lower me down to my watery grave.

- IV. And there in the wildwood this flower so fair;
Her spirit departed into the clear air.
Ancilla prepared her and wound her with sack
And lowered her gently into the great crack.
- V. Where Douglas returned and straight way did he go
To Ancilla's cabin to seek Miss Mayo.
No trace did he find of his true love or friend
And the sound of strange music was the voice of the wind.
- VI. This legend lives 'ever, my story does end,
They're down there together united again;
And in love's sweet embrace forever do dwell
'Neath the silvery waters that they loved so well.
- VII. For the mournful cry of the owl as he wings,
For the pale moonlit beauty of Silver Springs;
Their love was so pure as the waters that flow
Down Silver River to the Oklawaha.
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LY-PO4

BALLAD OF THE CAVEMAN

Comp: Danny ELFMAN (UK & US – A to F)

Rts: Little Maestro Music & Ursa Major Music (BMI), 1976

I'll tell you 'bout a caveman lived a million years ago
When mother earth was young and dinosaurs walked to and fro
His skull contained but half a brain but he didn't mind at all
He's a hot shot caveman, yah do dah
Who loved to fight and brawl

He walked the misty plate in time to find whatever he could find
Then at last he saw her there, covered with hair
A cave girl looking right his way,
half naked, half well, who can say
Such a thing he'd never seen before,
Well then need I tell you more
The caveman fell in love, love, love
And so he wielded his club

Oooh, oooh what could he do?
You can't blame a fellow for trying his luck,
He's just a simple caveman who wanted to ---
Well when the cave girl came around she had some things to relate
about the methods he used to communicate
And she said--

(Spoken)
I never expected a caveman to exhibit much finesse,
but a fifty pound club ain't exactly a caress
So if you want to call me, you better learn to talk
Until you learn some manners buddy –
(Shouted) Take a walk!

LY-PO5

BATS

Mus: Albert VON TILZER (Tune – *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*)

Lyr: Doug C. ELDON, Dorry ELDON, & Bobby HORTON (UK & US – Children's)

Bats are the flying mammals features designed for flight
Chiroptera is the order's name
Refers to the hands covered with flight membranes
That allow the bats to fly slowly and quickly dart in the sky
To catch flies, eat insects in the dark night as they fly

Nearly a thousand species and bats can navigate well
Most use a method that's like radar
Echolocation to know where things are
For they can squeak very high pitches that bounce off the objects nearby
And return to them as an echo as they fly

Bats disperse seeds of fruit trees, others pollinate plants
Insect control to the humans give
Bats return at dawn to the places they live
In the caves or up in the treetops to hang upside down by their feet
And the bats are really so helpful to man and beast

LY-PO6

THE BATS ARE ALL ASLEEP

Comp: Susan NIPP ([UK & US – Children's](#))

Black cats creep without a sound,
The bats are all asleep. Shhh!

Ghosts float all around the town,
The bats are all asleep. Shhh!

Witches fly up in the sky,
The bats are all asleep. Shhh!

Skeletons dance slowly by,
The bats are all asleep. Shhh!

Goblins everywhere are seen,
The bats are all asleep. Shhh!
'Tis the night of Halloween,
THE BATS ARE ALL AWAKE!

LY-PO7

BLEU COMME LE JUPON D'IVONNE *

Comp: Anne SYLVESTRE ([France](#))

Rts: (SACEM) 2001

Depuis ce jour la Fosse Dionne
Dans notre ville bourguignonne
Roule ses eaux venus d'ailleurs
Et quand le ciel parfois frissonne
Et quand il grêle et quand il tonne
Elle repousse nos frayeurs.

Since that day the Fosse Dionne
In our village in Burgoyne
Rolls out its waters which come from afar;
And when the sky sometimes shudders
And when it hails and thunders
The spring drives off our fears.

REFRAIN:

Elle reste bleue bleue bleue
Bleue comme le jupon d'Ivonne
Bleue comme le jupon d'Ivonne

CHORUS:

The spring stays blue, blue, blue
Blue like the petticoat of Ivonne
Blue like the petticoat of Ivonne

Si parfois même elle bouillonne
Ou si la glace l'emprisonne
Elle ne perd jamais sa couleur

If sometimes it even boils
Or the ice imprisons it
It never loses its color;

Au printemps elle s'enjuponne
De plantes d'eau qui la chiffonnent
Et lui font des accroche-cœurs.
REFRAIN

In the Spring it coats itself
With water plants that ruffle it
And make for it love-locks.
CHORUS

Si de nos jours la Fosse Dionne
Aux regards curieux s'abandonne
Comme une offrande aux promeneurs
On s'interroge on la soupçonne
Mais on sait que jamais personne
Ne connaîtra sa profondeur.
REFRAIN

If these days the Fosse Dionne
Abandons itself to curious stares
Like an offering to hikers;
One questions and one suspects
But one knows that no one ever
Will know its true depth.
CHORUS

Si quelques maisons l'emprisonnent
Elle est restée la sauvageonne
Dangereuse pour les plongeurs
Jour après jour la Fosse Dionne
Dans notre ville bourguignonne
Roule ses eaux venus d'ailleurs.
REFRAIN

If a few houses imprison it
It remains the wild one
Dangerous for the divers;
Day after day the Fosse Dionne
In our village in Burgoyne
Rolls out its waters which come from afar.
CHORUS

LY-PO8

DIE BLAUE GROTTE

Mus: Werner SCHARFENBERGER

Lyr: Fini BUSCH (Germany)

Rts: (BIEM)

Transcribed by Franz Lindenmayr, 2013

Die Blaue Grotte auf der Insel Capri
birgt das Geheimnis der Seligkeit.

The Blue Grotto on the Isle of Capri
conceals the secret of happiness.

Die Blaue Grotte auf der Insel Capri
kann viel erzählen aus alter Zeit.
Von glücklichen Menschen,
von seligen Stunden,
von zärtlichen Weisen im Mondenschein.

The Blue Grotto on the Isle of Capri
can tell a lot about olden times.
Of happy people
of blissful hours,
of amorous manners in the moonlight.

Doch wie viele Herzen
sich auf Capri gefunden,
das weiß nur die Blaue Grotte allein.

But how many hearts
found on Capri
that know only the Blue Grotto alone.

REFRAIN (2X):

Zu dieser Grotte auf der Insel Capri
zieht mich die Sehnsucht bei Tag und Nacht.
Die Blaue Grotte auf der Insel Capri
hat schon die schönsten Märchen wahrgemacht.

At this cave on the island of Capri
the desire pulls me by day and night.
The Blue Grotto on the Isle of Capri
has already made the most beautiful fairy tale come true.

LY-PO9

BRING BACK THE BAT

Mus: Albert VON TILZER (Tune – *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*)

Lyr: Doug C. ELDON, Dorry ELDON, & Bobby HORTON (UK & US – Children's)

We wake up when the bat goes to bed,
Don't ban the bat, don't ban the bat,
He sleeps with his feet up over his head.
Oh, bring back the bat.

CHORUS:

Bring the bat back for the balance of nature,
Bring the bat back to the banks of the stream,

Bring the bat back, there's a bat in your future,
Be batgirl or batboy on the bat's home team.

He flies like a bird but he's more like a mouse,
He can't build a nest so build him a houses
The bird eats mosquitoes and so does the bat,
Mosquitoes eat me and I don't like that.
CHORUS

Build the bat a box and she'll catch a batch of bugs
Raise little bats and give them little bat hugs.
CHORUS

Bats aren't bad, they're bashful and sweet
And they pollinate bananas for us to eat.

LY-PO10

THE CAVEMAN AND THE BIG FEET

Comp: Kevin ROTH (UK & US – Children's)

Rts: Kevin Roth Music (BMI), 1992

- I. In a dusty little prehistoric town,
A dozen cave men all had gathered round,
Talking by the fire light one night.
One man said, "Something isn't right.
This Stone Age is not enough for me.
There's got to be a future I can see.
I'm going to saddle up old Big Feet and head west to find
Better food, softer caves, and leave the past behind."
- II. "I'm gonna find what I've been looking for,
Just me and Big Feet, my dinosaur.
Where pastures are always green, places that I've never seen.
I'm gonna ride into the sunset, men.
God bless, I may not be back again."
And he rode off into the sun that day.
And waved goodbye as they stomped away.
- III. He traveled mighty far and wide, my friends.
He wondered if he'd ever reach the end.
When off in the distance, he saw shining bright
A big tall building with flashing neon lights.
"Uggh," he said. He couldn't believe his eyes.
But there hanging in the sky were the signs that said, "Gambling Town,"
Cave men welcome, come lay your money down."
- IV. There were things he never saw before,
Like cars, and not one dinosaur.
People's clothes were strange and new.
There was paint on women's faces, with strange hairdos.
There were crowds nearly all night long.
He wasn't sure, but something seemed all wrong.
When morning came, he looked in the sky,
The air was brown with smog and an earthquake rumbled by.
- V. He headed back from where he came,
But ever since, he hasn't been the same.
The cave men all gathered round,
And asked him, "Tell us what you found."
He shook his head and looked a bit confused.
"Boys, it isn't good news. I think I've seen the future shining bright,
And it's not what you think it is. It's really quite a fright."

- VI. "Yes, I found what I was looking for.
It's back with you and Big Feet, my dinosaur.
Where pastures are always green unlike the places I've just seen."
He got down on his knees and kissed the ground, and he looked quite pleased,
And Big Feet, his dinosaur did the same. And they both said,
"Boys, it's good to be home again."
-

LY-PO11

CAVEMEN !

Comp: Ralph COVERT (UK & US – Children's)

- I. Cavemen, we are cavemen
In this prehistoric place, so many dangers we must face
Cavemen, we are cavemen
We are hunters, we are kings!
We can chop and scrape and sing...

CHORUS:

Put your fur and sandals on
We're off to hunt the mastodon
We're cavemen! Cavemen!

- II. Shake a leg and raise your spear
The world will know that we are here !
We're cavemen! We are cavemen!
In this prehistoric place, so many dangers we must face
We're cavemen ! We are cavemen!

CHORUS:

So put your fur and sandals on...
We're off to hunt the mastodon
We're cavemen! We are cavemen!

- III. We live in a world without cellphones
No Frappacinos for me
We've got famine and sabertooth tigers
But when the world is Mesozoic it's great to be heroic !

Cavemen, we are cavemen! Cavemen, we are cavemen!

(Spoken)

- A: C'mon Grog, let's go hunt some dinosaurs.
B: Dinosaurs have been extinct for millions of years –
Cavemen did not hunt dinosaurs.
A: Oh, no wonder I can't find any... Hey, what that you're doing there?
B: Can't you see I'm painting?
A: You call that painting? I don't understand – where's the depth of perception?
The narrative? The post-Modern references to Klimt and Modigliani?
B: It's a mastodon.
A: Looks like a balloon with legs and a bunch of pins in it to me.
B: It's being hunted. See, there you are, throwing the spear.
A: Oh, that's a spear, oh, I see. I look pretty good there, the big muscles,
strong chin... Heh Grog, this painting is making me hungry. Let's go hunt.
B: That's an excellent idea. I could eat a horse, if I knew what a horse was...
A: Yeah, they're still evolving, don't really look like horses yet, do they?

(Singing)

CHORUS

(Repeat Stanza 2)

CHORUS

LY-PO12

THE CAVERNS OF LURAY *

Comp: Dorothy COPELAND (UK & US – A to F)

Rts: Bell Song Pub. Co. (ASCAP), 1954

Into the Caverns of Luray
I took a walk one special day
And beneath the world above
I saw the handiwork of God's great love.

CHORUS:

And there beneath the earth I knew the thrill
Of learning of His power and of His skill
I knew 'twas so to me that day
The day I walked into the Caverns of Luray.

LY-PO13

LES CHAUVE-SOURIS [THE BATS]

Comp: Pierre LOZÈRE (France)

Rts: (SACEM), 1997

C'est dans l'obscurité
Qu'elles commencent à chaser

REFRAIN (Bis)

Les chauve-souris
Qui vivent la nuit
Les chauve-souris
Sont nos amis.

It's in obscurity
That they begin to hunt

CHORUS: (2X)

The bats
Who live in the night
The bats
Who are our friends.

Elles se guident dans le noir
A l'aide de leur sonar

REFRAIN (Bis)

They are guided in the dark
With help from their sonar

CHORUS: (2X)

Ces gentils mamifères
Font très peur à Grand'Mère

REFRAIN (Bis)

These gentle mammals
Make Grandmother very scared

CHORUS: (2X)

Et quand la nuit s'en va
Elles dormant la tête en bas

REFRAIN (Bis)

And when the night goes away
They sleep with their heads down.

CHORUS: (2X)

LY-PO14

LA CUEVA DEL DRAGÓN

Mus: Todd CENEY

Lyr: Skip ADAMS (Spain)

Rts: Kronen Musikverlag (GEMA) & Warner Tamerlane (BMI), 2003

Vaya lío, éste no soy yo.
Hoy me he estado planteando
Si esto que siento yo, es amor.

No es nada malo
Aunque cabe sospechar
Que puede ser a veces una enfermedad mortal.

Go trouble, I am not this one
Today I am standing up here
If this that I feel is love.

No, it's nothing bad
Although it is possible to suspect
That it may sometimes be a fatal disease.

CORO:

En la cueva del dragón, he metido el corazón
Y me temo que por ti, ya no saldrá de allí.
San Jorge no me salvará, el fuego me consumirá

CHORUS:

The cave of the dragon, I have put my heart in it
And I'm afraid that for you I will not be able to leave there.
Saint George will not save me, the fire will consume me

Pero es una bendición la cueva del dragón.

Estoy perdido
Has cazado al cazador
Tenías los sentidos en hibernación.

Dejé las armas
Y firmé mi rendición
El filo de tus labios
Las alas me cortó.

But it's a blessing, the cave of the dragon.

I am lost
You have hunted the hunter
Kept the senses in hibernation.

I laid down the weapons
And signed my surrender
The edge of your lips
The wings cut me.

LY-PO15

DINOSAURS AND CAVEMEN

Comp: Derek & Guy LEROUX (UK & US – Children's)

Dinosaurs and cavemen (2X)

A long time ago
When cavemen did live
They had dinosaurs
But no longer are they here.

I had a dream last night
And a caveman I saw
I saw a dinosaur
That's when I did awake.

CHORUS:

Dinosaurs and cavemen – from long time ago
Dinosaurs and cavemen – they're all going to go
Dinosaurs and cavemen – wouldn't it be neat?
Just to talk with them and let them be your friend.

Now did you ever dream
Of something you have read
Maybe elephants
Stompin' all around your bed.

If you dream tonight
And dream of dinosaurs
Tomorrow we can talk
And tell me what you saw.
CHORUS

OK, let's name a few –
There's stegosaurus, tyrannosaurus, diplodocus dinosaur,
There was elasmosaurus, he could swim like a fish,
Oh, let them be your friend.
Brontosaurus, torosaurus, triceratops, allosaurus,
Dinosaurs and cavemen – from long time ago

LY-PO16

D'OÙ VIENS TU LA SOURCE *

Comp: Anne SYLVESTRE (France)

Rts: (SACEM) 2001

D'où viens tu la source
Où prends-tu ta course
Viens-tu du fond de la terre

Where do you come from, spring
Where do you start your journey
Do you come from the center of the earth,

Là où naissent les mystères
Viens-tu de ces eaux lointaines
Nées d'une obscure fontaine
Pour monter vers la lumière
Tu surges entre les pierres
Comme un collier de crystal
Musical.

There where mysteries are born;
Do you come from those far waters
Born from an obscure fountain
To rise up toward the light
Where you burst out between the rocks
Like a necklace of musical
Crystal?

REFRAIN:

Coule coule et roucoule
Coule coule et déroule
Tes perles d'eau tes ruisselets
Regarde Toinou comme elle est
Comme elle est belle et bonne
Tu peux la boire Ivonne
Tu peux y rafaichir tes mains
Nous reviendrons demain.

CHORUS:

Flow, flow and gurgle
Flow, flow and roll on
Your pearls of water, your streams
Look, Toinou, how it is
How it is beautiful and good
You can drink it, Ivonne
You can refresh your hands
We'll come back tomorrow.

D'où viens tu la source
Où prends-tu ta course
Viens-tu te glisser légère
Entre deux pieds de fougère
Ou te fais-tu la vie douce
Sur un beau cousin de mousse
Avant de plonger profonde
Pour te retirer du monde
Et te tracer un chemin
Souterrain.

Where do you come from, spring
Where do you start your journey
Do you gently slip
Between two tufts of fern
Or do you have the soft life
On a nice cushion of moss
Before plunging deeply
To escape from the world
And follow a subterranean
Route?

REFRAIN

CHORUS

D'où viens tu la source
Où prends-tu ta course
T'es-tu fauillée fragile
Sous des épaisseurs d'argile
As-tu contourné tenace
Des rochers pleins de menaces
Ou parcouru sauvagine
Des cavernes cristallines
Tu fais jaillir des diamants
Scintillants.

Where do you come from, spring
Where do you start your journey
Do you thread feebly
Through the layers of clay;
Have you stubbornly skirted
The rocks full of menace
Or having traveled wildly
The crystalline caverns
You burst forth sparkling
Diamonds?

REFRAIN (2X)

CHORUS (2X)

LY-PO17

FLIT AND FLY

Mus: (Traditional tune: Lightly Row)

Lyr: Susan Nipp (UK & US – Children's)

Rts: Price Stern Sloan

Flit and fly, flit and fly,
Little bat up in the sky,
Up and down, round and round,
High above the ground.

Swooping in the dark of night,
Stopping only when it's light
Flit and fly, flit and fly,
Little bat, good-bye.

LY-PO18

GROTTA AZZURRA DE CAPRI

Comp: Tony D'ESPOSITO (Italy)

Rts: (?)

(Transcription & translation hopefully in future.)

LY-PO19

LA GROTTA ROMANTICA

Mus: Walter OBERBRANDACTER

Lyr: Hans GREINER (Austria)

Transcribed by Franz Lindenmayr, 2013

La Grotta Romantica
im Herzen der Welt.

Komm gib mir deine Hand,
laß dich entführen in die Nacht.
Erst dort, wo Stille war,
hast du die Augen aufgemacht.

In diesem kühlen Zauberreich
nahm ich dich in den Arm.
Dann ein Kuß, ein liebes Wort,
schon fing die Welt zu funkeln an.

REFRAIN:

La grotta romantica,
was dann geschah,
es war wie Feuer im Eis.
La grotta romantica,
Gefühle waren noch nie so brennend heiß.

Das Licht der Sterne,
zu Stein geworden,
es war erwacht nur für uns zwei,
und dieses Funkeln heißt,
unsere Liebe geht nie vorbei.

La grotta romantica
im Herzen der Welt.
Kein Ort kann schöner sein,
um zu gestehen,
ich hab dich lieb.

Zwei Augen sahen mich an,
ein Blick, der fast schon Bücher schrieb.
Wir hielten uns so zärtlich fest
in diesem Schloß aus Stein,
und ich sagte, was du träumst,
das wird auch nun für immer sein.

REFRAIN (2X)

La Grotta Romantica
in the heart of the world.

Come give me your hand,
let me you take you into the night.
Only where silence was
have you opened your eyes.

In this cool magic kingdom
I took you in my arms.
Then a kiss, a kind word,
already the world began to sparkle.

La Grotta romantica,
what happened next
it was like fire in the ice.
La Grotta romantica,
Feelings were never so burning hot.

The light of the stars,
turned to stone,
it was only awakened for us two,
and this sparkle means,
our love never goes away.

La Grotta romantica
in the heart of the world.
No place could be better
in order to confess,
I love you.

Two eyes looked at me,
a look that indeed almost wrote books.
We clung so tenderly
in this castle made of stone,
and I said, what are you dreaming,
that will also now be forever.

LY-PO20

HOW DO YOU DO – I'M A BAT

Comp: McRAE (UK & US – G to Z)

Rts: Kimbo Music Pub. Co, 1961

- I. I'll bet you thought you'd never see
A funny animal like me

I'm not a rabbit or a rat
How do you do – I'm a bat.
- II. You'll never see me in the light
I don't come out until it's night
I'm not an owl or a cat
How do you do – I'm a bat.
- III. I've got a friendly feeling
I'll pay you a call
I'll cha-cha on the ceiling
And mambo up the wall.
- IV. So if you'd like to have a guest
I'll shine my wing to look my best
I'll fly right in an' lift my hat
How do you do – I'm a bat.
-

LY-PO21

ICH BAU MIR EINE HÖHLE

Comp: Rolf ZUCKOWSKI (Germany)

Ich bau mir eine Höhle,
und dann versteck ich mich darin.
Ich bau mir eine Höhle,
und alle suchen wo ich bin.
Mit Kissen und mit Decken
und einem Strauß Vergissmeinnicht;
und in der dunklen Höhle,
da brennt mein Taschenlampenlicht,
da brennt mein Taschenlampenlicht.

Ich bau mir eine Höhle,
und dann lad ich mir Gäste ein,
mit Eis und Schokolade,
kommt alle her und macht euch klein.
Hier gibt es tolle Spiele,
und fröhlich sind wir sowieso,
auch ohne Tisch und Stühle,
wir sitzen einfach auf dem Po,
wir sitzen einfach auf dem Po.

Ich bau mir eine Höhle,
und abends, wenn ich müde bin,
dann fang ich an zu gähnen
und leg mich auf den Kissen hin.
Da träum ich ganz gemütlich
und kuschel mit dem Teddybär.
Wir schlafen beide friedlich
und hören von der Welt nichts mehr,
und hören von der Welt nichts mehr.

I'll build myself a cave,
and then I'll hide in it.
I'll build myself a cave,
and everybody will look where I am.
With pillows and blankets
and a bouquet of forget-me-nots;
and in a dark cave,
there my pocket torchlight shins,
there my pocket torchlight shins.

I'll build myself a cave,
and then I'll invite my guests,
with ice cream and chocolate,
come here everyone and makes yourself small.
There are wild games here,
and we are happy as well,
even without a table and chairs,
we just sit on our bottom,
we just sit on our bottom.

I'll build myself a cave,
and in the evening, when I'm tired,
then I begin to yawn
and I lie down on the pillow.
As I dream quite comfortably
and lie with the teddy bear.
We both sleep peacefully
and hear from the world no more,
and hear from the world any more.

LY-PO22

LA LÉGENDE DE LA CHAMBRE D'AMOUR

Mus: Rolf MARBOT

Lyr: Francis BLANCHE (France)

Rts: Les Nouvelles Éditions Meridian (BIEM), 1956

- I. Il se passé au temps lointains de passé
Ce beau roman de l'amant d'une belle demoiselle.
Pour la revoir il attendait chaque soir
Impatiemment, tendrement, son passage
sur la plage.
Et le océan, avec sa voix de géant,
Chantait pour lui et pour elle une immense romance
Ainsi commence, a dit un vieux troubadour,
Notre légende de la Chambre d'Amour.
- REFRAIN:
Depuis qu'il était à elle, comme elle à lui
Ils se retrouvaient, fidèles, là-bas chaque nuit
Et les Pyrénées veillaient sur eux
Et le vent chantait dans l'ombre bleue
Ils rêvaient ainsi jusqu'au jour
Cachés dans la Chambre d'Amour.
- II. Il se passé au temps lointains de passé
Ce beau roman des amants près des vagues dans
les algues.
Mais l'océan, jaloux de voir deux enfants
S'aimer ainsi, envahit le rivage et la plage.
Il engloutit ce grand amour, mais depuis
Un chant lointain, chaque nuit, s'élève.
Ainsi s'achève, a dit un vieux troubadour,
Notre légende de la Chambre d'Amour.
- REFRAIN
- I. This came to pass in the distant past
This beautiful story of a beautiful demoiselle;
To see her again he waited each evening,
With impatience and tenderness, for her to pass by
on the beach.
The ocean, with its giant's voice,
Sang for him and her an immense romance.
Thus began, as the old troubadour told,
Our legend about the Chamber of Love.
- CHORUS:
Since she was for him and he for her
They met each other faithfully there every night.
And the Pyrenees watched over them
And the wind sang in the blue shadows
Thus they would dream until daylight
Hidden in the Chamber of Love.
- II. This came to pass in the distant past
This beautiful story of lovers in the seaweed by
the waves.
But the ocean, jealous to see these two children
In love this way, overran the shore and beach.
It engulfed this great love, and since
Each night, a distant song springs up.
Thus ends, as the old troubadour told,
Our legend about the Chamber of Love.
- CHORUS
-

LY-PO23

McDOUGALS CAVE

Comp: Frank LUTHER (UK & US – G to Z)

Rts: (?) 1957

- I. McDougals Cave is a lot of fun
If you stay up near the door
But don't go back where it's deep and dark
You may never come out no more.
- II. Now Tom takes Becky by the lily-white hand
Says, "Becky, I know this cave."
He leads her down in the black blackness
Damp and cold as a grave.
- III. They walk through the cave an' their hearts are so light
They light up their way with a candle so bright
Now this way, now that way, new pathways they find
Until their companions are left far behind.
- IV. Now Becky says, "Tom, we've had enough fun
Let's turn 'round an' go back the way we have come."
- V. They turn this way, that way an' then in dismay
They look at each other for they've lost their way
Now this way, now that way, they wander about
Until their last candle goes flickering out.
- VI. Now Tom says, "Dear Becky, our friends can't be far
I'll call out our names so they'll know where we are."
(Aside) "Hello! hello! – It's Tom and Becky!"
(echoes) And Becky – Becky!

- VII. Tom calls an' he hollers an' calls out their names
But all through the night not an answer came.
Poor Becky is crying, so heart-sick and sore
Afraid she'll not see her mother anymore.
- VIII. Now Tom finds a hole an' looks out at the sky
And sees the Mississippi rollin' by.
"Now Becky, dear Becky, come out of the cave
We'll run an' tell your mother that you have been saved."
- IX. The bells are all ringing all over the town
For Tom and dear Becky at last have been found.
-

LY-PO24

THE OLD-TIMER

Comp: Randy. SPARKS (Based on traditional folk song "I Was Born 100,000 Years Ago")
(UK & US – Children's)

Rts: Edwin H. Morris

- I. I'm an old timer I'm an excellent rhymer
I'll send you a song of the sights I have seen
'Tis late in December but well I remember
The springtime of youth when the world was so green

CHORUS:

I was born a hundred thousand years ago
There ain't nothin' in this world that I don't know.
There's no place that I ain't been
Round the world and back again,
And I'll whup the man that says it isn't so

- II. In the dawn of civilization I recall,
My cave had bearskin carpets, wall to wall.
We were quite the social group,
I was friends with Alley Oop,
And a charming fellow named Neanderthal.
I knew Adam and Eve before they knew the score:
It was I designed the fig leaves that they wore.
From behind the bushes kneelin'
Saw the apple they was peelin',
And I swear that I'm the guy that ate the core.

CHORUS

- III. Took a trip with Cleopatra down the Nile.
Yes, we dated off and on for quite awhile.
And for King Tut and his kiddies,
I built all the pyramidies,
And I represented Caesar at his trial.
Mr. Nero was a personal friend of mine.
The way he played the fiddle was divine.
I went by invitation
To a Roman celebration,
And ended up with ashes in my wine.

CHORUS

- IV. I'll tell you how America came to be:
I went sailing with Columbus 'cross the sea.

He got sick the day we landed,
And he went home empty-handed.
By rights, the whole darn place belongs to me.
I know much more than any book can tell,
And you must admit, I sing it rather well.
And the last part is the best,
If you'd like to hear the rest,
You can sing it for yourself or go to hell.
CHORUS

LY-PO25

OMAR KHAYAM'S CAVE

Comp: GIFFORD & CLIFFE (UK & US – G to Z)

Rts:

Transcribed by: Patrick Hagen

- I. Arms, arms for the love of Allah
And legs for the love of Mike
Steak and kidney pudd
Two veg à la carte.
- II. On the Persian desert there's a cave
That's where hidden treasure's laid
Omar Khayam's such a cunning knave
From Boy Scouts captured it one day.
- III. There's rest for weary caravans
By the door a notice hangs
A good pull-up for charabangs
In Omar Khayam's Cave.
- IV. Incense burns the nostrils filled
Incense know by Allah's will
It's steak and onions on the grill
In Omar Khayam's Cave.
- V. He's not a Persian, no
His name is really Moe
Comes all the way from Bow
A wise man from the east.
- VI. They excavated, dug the ground
Dug so deep at last they found
A London train on the Underground
In Omar Khayam's Cave.
- VII. Once a leopard took it for his den
Kicked up such an awful din
Mrs. Omar now looks lovely when
She walks out in that leopard's skin.
- VIII. A pretty girl with eyes of blue
Your fortune she starts telling you
You go inside and it all comes true
In Omar Khayam's Cave.
- IX. One young chap who called it spoof
Got a kick from a camel's hoof
Then he went sailing through the roof
Of Omar Khayam's Cave.

- X. They said since days of old
Life's mysteries to behold
They found a tomb of gold
And ninepence in half-crowns.
- XI. From a desert storm you hide
Your wet clothes are quickly dried
They hang them up with you inside
In Omar Khayam's Cave.
(Instrumental bridge)
- XII. Ah, you sit on Persian mats
Stroke the Persian cats
Then you see the Persian rats
And *Snakes and Ladders* too.
- XIII. His favourite slave they called her Bab
Stands on view on a marble slab
They often have a smash and grab
In Omar Khayam's Cave.

LY-PO26

PIPISTRELLE ET CACATOÈS

Comp: Anne SYLVESTRE (France)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>I. Mad'moiselle Pipistrelle
Et Monsieur Cacatoès
Pipistrelle est la plus frêle
Cacatoès se redresse.
Tous les jours ils se chamaillent
Ils échangent des gros mots
Ils se traitent de mangeaille
De gnocchi de poule au pot.</p> | <p>Miss Pipistrelle
And Mister Cacatoes (the parrot)
Pipistrelle is the more fragile
Cacatoes straightens up
Every day they bicker
They exchange swear words
They treat each other like dirt food
Like gnocchi, like chicken in the pot.</p> |
| <p>II. La nuit Pipistrelle veille
Cacatoès dans son lit
En colère bé-bégaie
En pleine zi-zizane –
Il dit: Pipistrelle arête
De voler en zi-zigzag
Si je mets ma jaque-quette
Je vais t'étrangler san blague.</p> | <p>At night the pipistrelle is awake
Cacatoes is in is bed
Stutters in anger,
In full discord,
He says: "Pipistrelle stop
Flying in zigzags
If I put on my jacket
I'm going to strangle you, no kidding."</p> |
| <p>III. Mais mon ca-capi-pitaine
Dit-elle dépi-pitée
Dit'moi en quoi ça vous gêne
Que je vole en pi-piqué.
Tu n'es rien qu'un vampi-pire
Et vous un ca-canari
Un pi-pigeon -- Viens l'redire
Espèce de harpi-pie.</p> | <p>"But my captain,"
She said, annoyed,
"Tell me what it is that bothers you,
That I fly erratically?"
"You're nothing but a vampire."
"And you're a canary,
A pigeon" – "Say that again,
You lousy old hag."</p> |
| <p>IV. Mais quand la nuit recu-cule
Cacatoès qui ne dort pas
Malgré la ca-canicule
Joue de l'oca-carina
J'en ai plein la casque-quette
Vous m'ca-cassez les oreilles
Lui crie la pi-pipelette
Pi-pitié pour mon sommeil.</p> | <p>But when the night recedes,
Cacatoes who does not sleep
Despite the heat wave,
Plays the ocarina.
"I've had it up to here
You're hurting my ears"
Cried the little piper,
"Have pity on my sleep."</p> |
| <p>V. Cet échang'pi-pitoyable</p> | <p>This pitiful exchange</p> |

Dur'toute la journée-né
Aucun d'eux n'est ca-capable
De ca-capi-pituler
Ah, tu fais la coque-quette
Pour me faire hésiter
Gros mangeur de cacahuètes
Vous vous fait des i-z'idées.

Lasts the whole day long
Neither of them is able
To capitulate.
"Ah, you're doing the coquette
To make me falter."
"You big peanut-eater,
You're getting ideas."

VI. Mad'moiselle Pipistrelle
Et Monsieur Cacatoès
Arrêtez votre querelle
On va vous botter les fesses
Mais toujours ils se chamaillent
Ils échangent des gros mots
Ils se trait de ca-canaille
Ou bien de zi-zigoto
C'est pas beau.

Miss Pipistrelle
And Mister Cacatoes
Stop your quarreling
We're going to spank you.
But they always bicker
They exchange swear words
They call each other riff-raff
Or even jerk.
It's not very nice.

LY-PO27

STALACTITES AND STALAGMITES

Mus: Barry BOOTH (Australia)

Lyr: Robert A. GRAY

Rts: (?), 1980

Stalagmites and stalactites,
We all know where they're found
In subterranean caverns
(Another word for underground)

Stalagmites and stalactites
Are spiky like a crown.
With half of them the point points upwards
The other half the point points down.

Just one snag
Keeping track.
Which are 'stalag'
And which 'stalac'.
They're like Tweedledum
And Tweedledee.
How to overcome
This difficultee?
Well!

Stalagmites and stalactites,
You can tell them by the sound.
There's stalac with a 'C' for the ceiling,
And stalag with a 'G' for the ground.

Stalagmites and stalactites
Are spiky like a crown.
With Stalagmites the point points upwards.
With Stalactites the point points down!

LY-PO28

STELLE NELLE GROTTA

Comp: Marco FERRADINI, G. LANOTTE, & Roberto GIULIANI (Italy)

Rts: Ed. Muvicom/BMG Ariola (SIAE), 1982

Transcribed & Translated to French: Celestino Innocenti

I. Tu che scrivi e cante dei canzone
Che parli del amore de cosi inutile e banali
Ma dove vive cosa fai quando cambierai

E poi non ti sei mai guardotta intorno
Per sogni e poesie non ce pui posto in questo mondo.
Quando te ne accorgerai cosa canterai

II. Sai per ogni stella nella notte
Ce un griffo nelle grotte
Siamo stati noi... noi... noi
Che abbiamo scritto sopra un muro
Abbiamo guardato avanti nel futuro.

REFRAIN:

Tu non lo sai ma senza un ombra di speranza
Tu non lo sai il tuo sbadilio
Una canzone non sara mai
Sotto tante stelle dimmi tu cosa fai
Se chiudi li occhie non le guardi mai.

III. Io sono convinto che l'amore
E un ponte veaso il cello
E l'energia il tuo motore
Come una rania tena che tieno il mondo intierno
Vai ci sono altre mille grotte e stele
Ogni notte che baillano per noi.

REFRAIN:

Tu non lo sai se amore non ai mai auuto
Tu non lo sai certo
Perche amore tu non ai dato mai.
Sotto tante stelle dimmi tu cosa fai
Se chuidi li occhie non le guardi mai.

IV. Ma come vivi cosa fai
Quando cambierai
Sensa sole mimmi dove andrai.

REFRAIN:

Tu non lo sai se amore non ai mai auuto (2X)
Tu non lo sai certo
Perche amore tu non ai dato mai.
Ma sotto questo cello addresso caminerai
Con una speranza te n'andrai.

I. You, who write and sing songs
Which speak of the love of things banal and useless;
But where do you live, what do you do, when will you
change ?

And you have never looked around you;
For dreams and poetry there is no place in this world.
When will you realize, what are you singing?

II. You know, for every star in the night
There is a drawing in a cave;
It was us, us ... us ... us
Who wrote on the wall,
We were looking ahead into the future.

CHORUS:

You don't know but without a shadow of hope
You don't know your error;
A song will never be
Under so many stars, tell me what you do
If you close your eyes you will never see them.

IV. I'm convinced that love
And a bridge towards the sky
And the energy, your motor;
Like a lasting fury which holds the whole world
There are other thousand caves and stars,
Every night, that shine for us.

CHORUS:

You don't know if the love you never got,
You don't know, it is certainly
That love you never gave.
Under so many stars, tell me what you do
If you close your eyes you will never see them.

IV. But how do you live, what do you do
When will you change;
Without the sun, tell me, where will you go ?

CHORUS:

You don't know if the love you never got, (2X)
You don't know, it is certainly
That love you never gave.
But under this sky now you will walk
With a hope you will go.

LY-PO29

THREE WHEELS ON MY WAGON

Comp: Burt BACHARACH & Bob HILLARD (UK & US – Children's)

Rts: Shapiro Bernstein (ASCAP)

I. Three wheels on my wagon,
And I'm still rolling along
The Cherokees are chasing me
Arrows fly, right on by
But I'm singing a happy song.

CHORUS 1:

I'm singing a higgity, haggity, hoggety, high
Pioneers, they never say die
A mile up the road there's a hidden cave
And we can watch those Cherokees
Go galloping by

(Spoken)

"George, they're catching up to us!"

"Get back in the wagon woman!"

II. Two wheels on my wagon,
And I'm still rolling along
Them Cherokees are after me
Flaming spears, burn my ears
But I'm singing a happy song.

CHORUS 2:

I'm singing a higgity, haggity hoggety, high
Pioneers, they never say die
Half a mile up the road there's a hidden cave
And we can watch those Cherokees
Go galloping by

(Spoken)

"Duh, Paw? Are you sure this is the right road?"

"Will you hush up? You and your maps!"

III. One wheel on my wagon,
And I'm still rolling along
Them Cherokees after me
I'm all in flames, at the reins
But I'm singing a happy song.

CHORUS 3:

I'm singing a higgity, haggity hoggety, high
Pioneers, they never say die
Right around that turn there's a hidden cave
And we can watch those Cherokees
Go galloping by

(Spoken)

"George? Should I get the bag of beads and trinkets?"

"Woman, I know what I'm doing!"

IV. No wheels on my wagon,
So I'm not rolling along
The Cherokees captured me
They look mad, things look bad
But I'm singing a happy song

(Spoken)

"C'mon all you Cherokees, sing along with me!"

Higgity, haggity hoggety, high
Pioneers, they never say die

LY-PO30

TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH

Comp: Pat BOONE (UK & US – G to Z)

Rts: (UK) Spoone Music, 1959

I. For love so true, my love
For love so rare, my love
I'd follow you, my love
To the center of the earth.

II. To bring you joy, my love
Beyond compare, my love

I'd even go, my love
To the center of the earth.

CHORUS:

I'd search the whole world over
I'd sail the seven seas
But I'd never find another, my love
Lovely as you – so please –
Say you'll be mine, my love
Make life divine, my love
And we will find, my love
What a real true love is worth;
It's worth all the gold
From here to the center of the earth.

(Repeat Chorus)

To the center of the earth. (2X)

LY-PO31

UND WIR HATTEN KEINE HÖHLE

Comp: Wolf BIERMANN (Germany)

Rts: Kiepenheuer & Witsch; Cologne

Und wir hatten keine Höhle
Und wir fanden kein Versteck
Und wir schliefen im Gegröle
Und wir saßen nacht im Dreck.

And we have no cave
And we found no hiding place
And we slept in raucous bawling
And we sat nightly in the dirt.

REFRAIN:

Irgend ein Loch
brauchen wir doch
da oder hier
du Menschentier
mein Menschentier

CHORUS:

Any a hole
we need, however
there or here
you, human animal
my human animal

Diese Stadt hat uns erbrochen
In die Nächte laut und hell
Doch wir haben uns verkrochen
Einer in des anderen Fell.
REFRAIN

This city brought us up
Loudly and brightly into the nights
However, we had crawled away
One into the others skin.
CHORUS

Mann, die Stadt is tote Hose
Und die Häuser stehn dumm rum
Und was fest war, das is lose
Und was grade war, is krumm.
REFRAIN

Man, the city is dead pants
And the houses stand stupidly rum
And what was solid, that is loose
And what was straight, is crooked.
CHORUS

